

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Lizzie Dean had once been a humble cleaner at The Sun Inn, Chipping.

In the quaint village of Chipping, nestled deep within the rolling hills of England, there stood a charming old inn known as The Sun Inn. With its centuries-old timber beams and stone walls, the inn exuded an air of history and mystery that attracted visitors from far and wide. However, there was a story that had been whispered around Chipping for generations, a tale that sent shivers down the spines of those who dared to listen - the haunting manifestation of Lizzie Dean. Lizzie had once been a humble cleaner at The Sun Inn, a place where she had devoted years of her life to tending to the needs of the inn's guests. Her presence was as much a part of the inn as the creaky floorboards and the roaring fireplace. But life had not been kind to Lizzie. She was known to be a sweet soul, always with a warm smile on her face, but she had a heavy heart. Her other half, a dashing young man named Samuel, had run away one fateful night, leaving Lizzie heartbroken and devastated.

The grief of losing Samuel was too much for Lizzie to bear, and the weight of loneliness became unbearable. In a moment of despair, she took her own life, ending her earthly suffering. It was a tragedy that had forever marked The Sun Inn with an eerie presence.

In the years that followed, guests and staff at The Sun Inn began to report strange occurrences. Whispers in empty hallways, doors that opened and closed by themselves, and an inexplicable chill that hung in the air, especially in the late hours of the night. The inn had become a hotbed of paranormal activity, and the villagers were convinced that it was Lizzie's restless spirit causing the disturbances.

The most unsettling of all was the sight of Lizzie herself. On countless occasions, guests claimed to have seen her apparition, dressed in a maid's outfit, her face a pale visage of sorrow. She would glide silently through the inn, as if continuing her duties from beyond the grave. Some said they heard her softly weeping, mourning the love that had been torn from her. One particularly chilling account told of a guest who had stayed in Room 203, the very room where Lizzie had once resided during her time as a maid. In the dead of night, as the guest lay in bed, the room was filled with a soft, mournful melody, as if a ghostly pianist played an invisible instrument. The guest's heart pounded in terror as they watched the room's temperature drop, their breath forming misty clouds in the air.

But the most eerie aspect of Lizzie's presence was her ability to pass through walls. Some claimed to have seen her vanish into the very stones of the inn, her silhouette disappearing into the ancient bricks and timbers. Others reported feeling an otherworldly touch, a cold hand brushing against their skin, leaving them with goosebumps and an unshakable feeling of dread. Over time, The Sun Inn had become a renowned haunted destination, drawing brave souls and curious investigators from across the country. Many came to experience the supernatural phenomena for themselves, hoping to catch a glimpse of Lizzie Dean's tormented spirit. For the villagers of Chipping, Lizzie's story served as a somber reminder of the power of love and the depths of despair it could lead to. And for The Sun Inn, it remained a place where the past intertwined with the present, where the boundaries between the living and the dead were blurred, and where Lizzie Dean's ghostly presence would forever walk the walls, and sometimes disappear through them, a testament to love's enduring, haunting power.

By Donald Jay